

Colin James

## **Accommodating a Modern Shape Shifter**

I leaned downstream  
overcoming  
the odd snag where  
pools would form  
comfortable if slippery  
twisting reformed algae,  
I think or mud.  
Good for everything  
to live like this  
the great joining in.  
Commitment.  
Other streams yes,  
also conformist imagery  
having previously sent  
out affectations like scouts  
to look for the sea.

## **The Virile Aspersions of an Uncorrected Chorus**

The sun shone like a portal  
vacillating in Medusa's anus.  
My head had been forced into a porta-potty's  
urinal demonstratively and without tact.  
The future presented itself differently  
since considering these personal philosophies  
written on the thin blue plastic walls.  
Such rendezvous were becoming quite popular.  
References to the summer solstice appearing  
daily in typically remote locations.  
A revised calendar expressed in felt tip pen  
informing whomsoever of pending events.  
I had strolled from town to observe this phenomena,

stood again then sat again within context.  
Not a soul was holding forth with any accuracy.  
I lacked the inclination to register a complaint  
despite a speculatively unfortuitous arrival,  
as deference deserved was paid to The Law.

## **The Narcolepsy Experiments**

Since his last debacle,  
Van Winkle had been relegated  
to a small comfortable room  
in what remained of The  
Vestibule Of Participation.  
The sponge bath girls, Trieste & Tanya  
were instructed to go easy.  
Forehead diodes ultravioletly adept  
floating red lights with some sauce.  
Too much stimulus, previously,  
shook Van Winkle's resolve  
until his bacteria coalesced  
within a huge periscope of hope.  
Getting him back to sleep  
required unpaid overtime &  
the continuous threat of unionization.  
"Open up your Ya Ya, Mama!"  
Inspirational in our urgent denial  
of such unnecessary loquacity.

## **Some Effective Procedures for the Polemic**

Smelling my hands I  
seem to have missed a spot.  
Our neighbor not unhandy  
observes, swoops down.  
There is her knock at the door. Eyes darting every which way,  
she displays yellow haired arrogance.  
I offer to shake her hand  
pleasing the gods that confuse us.  
She demurs, executes a fist bump.  
Perhaps a shoulder pat?

She rolls like a wrestler away,  
seeks out my wife of the moment.  
I allude to adjustments, let me.  
They are talking in the cellar  
sound transferred indulgence.  
Forebodings, rumors of revolt.  
I wash my hands again  
& climb up into the loft.  
Here I know the mice will be  
polite if not shyly accepting.

## **The Uncertainty of Inclination**

On the way to a concert  
stopped at my favorite bistro,  
there in a corner nook  
was the rock god himself.  
Smiling, he motioned me to approach  
where he sat with a young child.  
I noticed something very odd,  
a tree branch growing from the child's head.  
The rock god explained,  
it was a malady common to their children.  
Long isolation in dark forests  
was prescribed sometimes for years,  
preferably northern European  
something to do with the soil.  
How was it I, a daily reader of the NY TIMES,  
had never heard of this phenomena?  
I experienced a sudden bout of ennui,  
made my excuses then departed.  
The great man was still smiling  
working on the bands song selection.  
The child sipped from a cup of green tea.

## **About the Poet**

Born in Chester, England, Colin James spent most of his youth in Massachusetts before moving back to England. He has a book of poems, *Resisting Probability*, from Sagging Meniscus Press. Now he lives in Massachusetts.